Books in Review

Midcentury America Comes Back to Life In Biography of the Times' First Editor

RAYMOND OF THE TIMES
By Francis Brown. *(Norton; $5.)*

Reviewed by Carter Brooke Jones

Henry Jarvis Raymond was a founder of the New York Times and its highly influential editor for 18 years. He also was a leading political figure in the middle decades of the 19th century.

And yet such a summary of achievements which give him a significant place in American history hardly suggests the diversity of his interests and enterprises, his immense energy and his peculiar place in the life of New York and eventually of the whole country. His personal impact on journalism was decided, aside from the fact that he started a great newspaper. In a day when editors often were more opinionated than informed, he was a cultured man, as interested in the fine arts as in the questions of the day and the political fortunes of his State and Nation. Although he had his share of disappointments and frustrations, political and personal, he packed a great success into a short life.

Mr. Brown, who is editor of the New York Times Book Review, has written the first complete biography of Henry Raymond. It is a searching portrait of the newspaperman and politician. Few relevant details have been overlooked, and the story is attractively presented. Raymond's private life is explored less exhaustively, but enough is told to give a rounded view of the man.

Learned to Read at 3.

Raymond's father was a farmer in Western New York. The family had scant means, but the boy who, according to regional legend, learned to read at the age of 3, managed to go to the University of Vermont and graduate with honors. Henry served his newspaper apprenticeship under Horace Greeley on the New York Tribune. He became known as one of the best reporters in New York. He and two businessmen started the Times in 1851. They did not have much capital and the paper necessarily began in a modest way. Its growth was not spectacular, but steady, and within a decade it was established as one of the important dailies of the country.

Prophetically Raymond planned a paper much like the Times of today, which would cover world news thoroughly, present it impartially, and maintain clean standards of journalism. He had to compete with James Gordon Bennett's sensational Herald and Greeley's crusading Tribune. Raymond proved as enterprising as any, though, unlike Greeley, he was no reformer, and he refused to follow Bennett in sensationalizing the news. It was an era of rough-and-tumble editorial combat, and Raymond seemed restrained beside the vitriolic Bennett and the fuming Greeley. Raymond often was the object of their wrath. There was nothing sleepy about those papers, if they did devote eight columns to a speech by Daniel Webster. It was nothing unusual in the pretelegraph period for a paper to hire "steam cars" to rush a reporter from some other city with a news beat.

Like most outstanding editors, Raymond remained always a reporter at heart. When anything big broke he wanted to get out on it, and often did. In 1859 he covered the decisive battle of Solferino in the war of the French and Sardinians to free Italy from the Austrian yoke. In the Civil War he was under fire at Bull Run and followed McClellan on his luckless Peninsula campaign.

His Lincoln Biography.

On the political side, Raymond was a protege of Thurlow Weed, the political boss, himself an Albany editor, and of William Henry Seward, Senator from New York and Lincoln's Secretary of State. Raymond was, successively, Speaker of the New York Assembly, lieutenant governor and a Representative in Congress. Naturally conservative, he was a Whig and later espoused the new Republican Party. Slow to accept Lincoln, Raymond became one of the President's stanchest supporters and after the war published what still is regarded as the best contemporary biography of the martyred President. Because Raymond was essentially a man of good will who wanted to see both sides of every question, he frequently was accused of "playing both sides of the street" and of lacking political principles. His political career ended in bitter disillusion when, as a member of the postwar Congress, his efforts to conciliate the country were thrown down by Thaddeus Stevens and his Radicals.

Raymond died in 1869 at 49. Even his enemies paid him tribute. He had won fame and riches in less than 20 years and left as an enduring monument the great newspaper whose centennial occurs in September.

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William Sansom's Strange New Heroine Is Not One You'll Find Easy to Forget

THE FACE OF INNOCENCE
By William Sansom. *(Harcourt, Brace; $3.)*

Mr. Sansom has several of the virtues that many English novelists have. He is urbane, clever, amusing. But he has something more subtle, more elusive, which may cause you to remember his stories longer than those of the crop of his young contemporaries. Perhaps it is his capacity to draw character with a few deft strokes and to establish in equally short space a memorable atmosphere.

His previous novel, "The Body," had a cordial reception in this country. So did three volumes of short stories. His new novel is an oblique physchological study of a very peculiar young woman. She is seen only through the eyes of the narrator, a writer, whose contact with her is only as the old school friend of her husband.

Eve Camberley was decidedly attractive. She had to be or there wouldn't have been any story. Harry was a stolid sort, without much imagination, and he found his bride baffling in some ways. She seemed to have had a romantic youth, with quite a few adventures. Then he discovered that these experiences could all be presumed mythical; she seemed to be a pathological liar, who invented to make a colorless life take on a glow of sophistication. But when the young married couple and their friend, the narrator, went to the south of France for a holiday, Eve proved that she could get herself enmeshed in an adventure which was no chimera. The husband's friend learned what was going on and he was confronted with the dilemma of whether to tell Harry or look the other way.

The relationship between the couple and the friend does not always seem plausible. It hardly appears probable that the rather thick Harry would have depended on his brighter school chum to extricate him from difficulties with his wife and help him understand her. Such men usually have a fierce pride that replaces discernment. But if that is a shortcoming in the novel, it does not detract from the interest and enjoyment of the story.

Explosive Material That Fails to Go Off

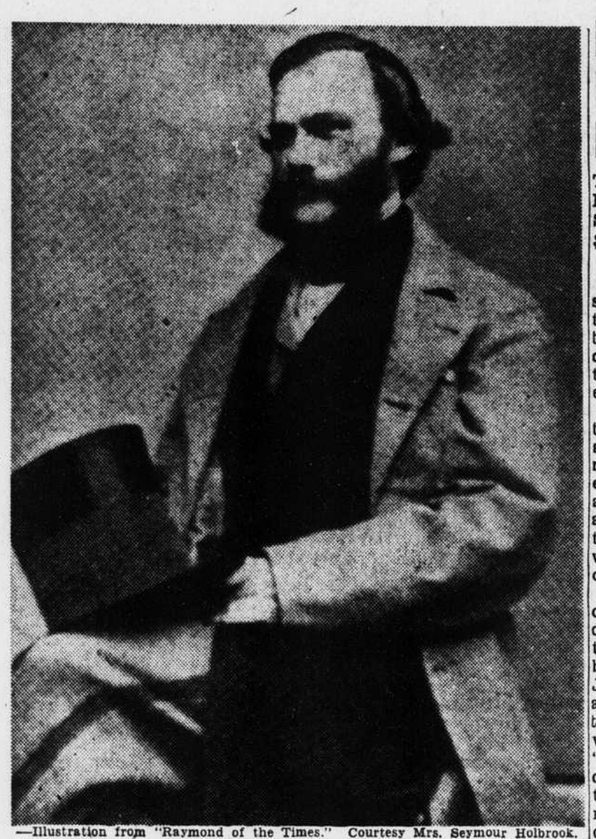
20th MERIDIAN
By Robert Travers. *(W. W. Norton Co., Inc.; $3.)*

Reviewed by Margaret S. Dickey

This saga of a merchant ship's voyage from England to New York with a cargo of whisky during World War II draws on every peril in the annals of shipping for drama and fails to succeed in being anything but quite dull.

There is some merit in Mr. Travers' description of a terrific storm in which the Branten, his ship, loses its convoy and three crewmen lose their lives, but this episode, unfortunately, is well toward the end of the novel and nothing that happens before the ship reaches 20th Meridian would induce the reader to stay with the voyage.

The first half of the book is spent analyzing the members of the Branten's crew. And, although the technique for developing them—a flash-back method—is well handled by the author, the characters, themselves, are far from arresting.



—Illustration from "Raymond of the Times." Courtesy Mrs. Seymour Holbrook.

HENRY JARVIS RAYMOND.
"He left as an enduring monument the great New York Times."

Sam Bell's Novel of Northern Ireland Has a Theme Worthy of Thomas Hardy

DECEMBER BRIDE
By Sam Hanna Bell. *(E. P. Dutton; $3.)*

Reviewed by Mary McGrory

A situation worthy of Thomas Hardy provides the theme of Sam Hanna Bell's somber novel of the peasantry of Northern Ireland. It is the story of two brothers who share the same woman, a shrewd and earthy creature who comes to their house with her mother as a servant and who gradually assumes mastery of the family and management of the farm.

In the passion of the two brothers, Sarah Gomartin finds guilty compensation for a lonely girlhood. Her minister, Mr. Sorleyson, is helpless to bring her to the paths of righteousness after the birth of her son, whose paternity she truly cannot tell. Watching her with the baby, the Presbyterian cleric thinks: "Of what avail was virtue, if lust and irresponsibility were to be crowned with contentment?"

Among the three, love is never mentioned, although the elder brother, Hamilton, is always willing to marry the deft, patient Sarah. As for Frank, the younger, he has no wish to marry such a woman who was "like a pool you lash into foam with a branch and in a twinkling the ripples die and it stares up cold and impersonal." As for Sarah herself, despite an occasional twinge of conscience, she is pleased with her hearthside and oddly won security.

When Mr. Sorleyson, himself a victim of her magnetism, charges her with the necessity of giving the child a father, she says only, "What right have I to give myself and the child to one man over the other?" The child, in fact, seals the league among the three against the tongues of the lonely countryside.

The Farm Took Them Away.

Besides, as the author puts it: despite the fact that "there was sufficient passion and confusion present which in a more inactive and leisured household might have broken out in violence, the insistent demands of the farm took them away from each other for long periods."

As time goes by, the neighbors become used to the ambiguous state of affairs at prosperous Rathard, although they never accept it. Their Catholic tenants, however, dare to show their disapproval, and for this Sarah dispossesses them of their house. But inevitably comes the day when little Andrew is told by a neighbor that he is "a wee by-blow," and Hamilton must fight the man. Then Frank, weary of Sarah and anxious to show the world that "he is wholesome and honest in heart and worthy of affection" begins to court a pretty maiden, and brings into the open the long suppressed hostility of conventional people.

Mr. Bell tells his pastoral story in stark, quiet terms in the sinewy idom of Northern Irish speech. He writes with a glowing appreciation of the rocky, brooding landscape and the soothing rhythm of farm life. But in the last analysis, "December Bride," must stand or fall by the character of Sarah, the pivotal figure in this strange household. And Mr. Bell, never studies her motives or her reactions, simply presents her as a stolid primitive answering men's needs and gaining power in return. She has, he says, "the clay of avarice," but this is not enough to explain her. So the novel is never much more than a flavorsome episode in regional fiction.

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THE CONSUL AT SUNSET
By Gerald Hanley. *(Macmillan; $3.)*

Englishmen must be taught to write novels as they are to be kind to animals and to say their prayers, for a great many of them acquit themselves unusually well in this form. The high quality of the English novel was recently praised at the Oxford Union, although it was also the sense of the meeting that "the young novelist is brought to a pleasant state of civilized sensibility and then round and round he goes on the same circular track."

"The Consul at Sunset" is rather an illustration of this. It is a highly competent novel by Gerald Hanley, which always promises to be much more than that, and somehow never is. It is hard to say just where he fails, since the subject—the last gasp of Empire—is timely, his style articulate, and the plot full of neat and violent turns. Perhaps the author has too firm a grip on his material, which means that the book is always highly intelligent, but never quite inspired.

He gets off to an excellent start with a merciless character study of Colonel Casey, to whom the Empire is a religion in the shape of a filing cabinet, cherished and invulnerable, to be administered by gentlemen to the "dark, wolfish people outside." Briefing Sole, the new political officer about to take over at El Ashang, a God-forsaken patch of desert just wrested from the Italians, Casey voices regret that the military officer in charge is "not one of us."

This ranker, Turnbull, is a new kind of British officer, an ex-coalman. A superb soldier himself, he treats the natives in his command as soldiers, not slaves, being guided scrupulously by regulations, and by humanity only when it was really required. Turnbull chafes under the rule of the present political officer, Milton, whose mistress is a woman of the Yonis Barras, one of two desert tribes who, regardless of the white men over them, continue their bloody feuds, their centuries-old search for camels and water.

For Turnbull, discipline is all. And when on the night of Milton's murder by a member of the Yonis Barras he is seduced by the dead man's mistress, his pride and purpose begin to crumble. In the riots and killings which follow, Sole, known to the tribesmen as a temperate man, is approached by a chief with an offer of negotiation. But Sole, sickened at a system whereby the Englishman tells the natives "with one voice that we are all the same and with another that all the rooms are engaged . . ." refuses to bargain. So it is left to Casey, with the new generation in disgrace, to bring out the time-honored methods of pressure and bluff, of humiliation and reprisal. But he does so only half-heartedly, for he realizes that while the sun may never set on the flag of empire, "it is setting in the hearts of those who saluted it."

RILKE: Man and Poet
By Nora Wydenbruck. *(Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., New York; $4.)*

The fullest and most perceptive biography yet to appear about the great Austrian poet. The growing Rilke cult will find much light shed upon the poet's elusive verse.

—E. T.

Pinkerton Men In Century of Fighting Crime

THE PINKERTON STORY
By James D. Horan and Howard Swiggett. *(G. P. Putnam's Sons; $4.50.)*

Reviewed by Rex Collier

As its title indicates, this book stands apart from the usual detective story. It is an authoritative stranger-than-fiction account of the varied investigative activities of America's oldest "private eye" agency.

Delving through the case files of the century-old organization, the authors have chosen some of the more extraordinary episodes in the extraordinary careers of the elder and younger Pinkertons and their asociates. It is hardly surprising that the sum total is a volume which it is difficult to put down once it has been opened.

The cases bear no similarity to one another, even of the co-incidental variety. Pinkerton's National Detective Agency had its beginnings in the lurid era of the James boys, the Younger brothers and the Reno gang. Allan Pinkerton credited the Reno brothers with the dubious distinction of "inventing" train robbery. Some of the more exciting chapters in the book recount the terroristic rampages of the Reno gang in Indiana in the early days of railroading and the final capture and lynching of the outlaws. The Pinkertons were not, of course, parties to the lynching. In fact, Allan Pinkerton nearly lost his life trying to deliver one of the robbers to the constituted authorities.

First "Secret Service."

From bank robberies the agency turned to an entirely new field of operations during the Civil War period. It was during this time that the Pinkertons became the Nation's first "secret service"—albeit not without much controversy. Leading up to this Federal service was Allan's disputed discovery of a plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln en route to his first inaugural. There are those who doubt that such a plot ever existed, but Authors Horan and Swiggett are convinced that a conspiracy did take place and that Pinkerton's intervention saved Lincoln from an attack while passing through Baltimore. With the outbreak of the Civil War, Allan became involved in more controversy, through political "spying" for his friend, Gen. McClellan. Serving as an intelligence officer under McClellan, Maj. Pinkerton apparently spent more time checking on the conversations and movements of the Union general's critics in Washington than on the doings of the enemy. His secret reports to McClellan make interesting reading.

Labor Spying.

More controversy developed long after the war when the Pinkertons were engaged in "labor spying" work for large corporations. The claim of this phase of the agency's adventures was the bloody Homestead (Pa.) riot of 1892, during which four Pinkerton men were killed and scores of others who had been employed to guard the Carnegie steel plant were injured. The agency no longer takes cases which concern "the lawful attempts of labor unions or employes to organize and bargain collectively."

Without controversy, however, were numerous cases which tested the ingenuity and courage of the Pinkertons and their undercover agents. There are murders galore, jewel thefts and other crimes to satisfy the mystery fan—all solved with the flair expected of Pinkerton operatives. In short, this book is made to order for vacationers.

Crime

By Mirian Ottenberg

A Time to Kill, by Geoffrey Household. (Little, Brown and Co.; $2.25.)

A plot to infect British cattle with deadly hoof-and-mouth disease isn't quite believed by the authorities, considering the source is a broken naval officer who overheard two scientists in their cups. But the potentiality of such disaster can't be dismissed, either. So Roger Taine, reluctant hero of "A Rough Shoot," agrees to listen. That's an almost fatal mistake for him and his loved ones. In a battle against time and tide, he braves the whirlpools of the Portland Race, shoots it out in a black tunnel and finds himself afloat in a lifeboat. As always, the author of the classic "Rogue Male" chooses a fantastic situation and makes it more than acceptable through sheer craftsmanship.

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The Long Divorce, by Edmund Crispin. (Dodd, Mead & Co.; $2.50.)
Red Badge

Mr. Datchery, who could have taken his name out of Dickens and might be some one much better known to Crispin additcs, strolls into Cotten Abbas to find that a splurge of anonymous letters has produced a suicide. Murder follows in its wake and then another attempted suicide which Mr. Datchery averts in a classic chase. Meanwhile, the evidence points unmistakably toward a young woman doctor who gets two sudden proposals and a fortune in one day. Mr. Datchery, of course, sets everything straight and lingers to race spiders with his landlord. It would be a happy day for whodunit fans if every mystery carried Mr. Crispin's rich humor, clear-cut characterizations and devious plot.

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The New Shoe, by Arthur W. Upfield. (Doubleday & Co.; $2.50.)
Crime Club

That endlessly patient Australian sleuth, Detective Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte, is handed a tough one—identify the unclothed body of a man found dead in a lighthouse two months earlier and name the killer. The inkeeper's dog lends an important assist, but it's the detective's apparently random conversations with the natives that convinces him a local is involved. Bony learns how the dead feel in their coffins before he settles things to suit his own unorthodox ideas of justice.

News of Art and Artists

"A French Interior," by Louis Le Nain, one of the National Gallery's many masterpieces including individual portraits of children.

By Florence S. Berryman

If the public gave as much attention to works of art as they do to musical compositions, art would undoubtedly be as popular as music. Of course, we who regularly visit museums and galleries think we give their exhibits our full attention. But the mechanisms of listening and looking are such that we actually do not see as much as we hear, generally speaking. Since music extends in time, each note and chord falls in succession upon our ears, whereas when we regard a painting, we take in the general effect, scrutinize a few foreground figures, then move on to the next work (just as if we were to walk away in the middle of a performance of music). That is why we can lope through an art gallery, flicking our eyes at hundreds of pictures, in the same length of time that we would spend at a concert, listening to no more than six or eight compositions.

These reflections came to me when I examined a book recently published, "Children's Portraits: The World of the Child in European Painting," with an introduction by Bettina Hurlimann (Thames & Hudson; $3). It has 80 photogravure plates and 3 in color, reproducing works by old and modern masters of five centuries (15th through 19th).

Unfamiliar Portraits.

A major virtue of the book is the fact that the author has assembled a large number of portraits unfamiliar if not entirely unknown to most people, by the usual standards of reproduction. There have been so many magazine articles and books on portraits of children that one expects to find in each new treatise on the subject, such favorites as the "Blue Boy," "Age of Innocence," Raphael's cherubs and various others reproduced countless times.

Some of the most unusual of Miss Hurlimann's selections, by earlier masters, are details from large compositions, details at which one often glances only casually. It occurred to me that there are probably as many telling captures of childhood in Washington galleries, still not particularly familiar to Washingtonians, no matter how often they have visited them.

Paintings of Children.

With the aim of becoming better acquainted with some of these youngsters, I revisited the National Gallery and was amazed at the number of appealing children I had previously seen, but not looked at, not a few of them subordinated to the interest of groups and more important portraits of adults. Such, for example, is the young groom holding a horse in Giovanni di Paolo's "Adoration of the Magi," (gallery 1). This 15th century lad in blue, with a beautiful profile, is standing in an easy, relaxed pose, looking affectionately at the horse he holds. Another such small detail is the tousle-headed little blond boy in the lower left hand corner of Watteau's "Italian Comedians" (gallery 52) industriously making a wreath of flowers for the jester's bauble.

Miss Hurlimann omitted from her "Children's Portraits" pictures of the Christ Child, expressed in countless images, which call for a book devoted to them, because she was interested in studying paintings of children in relation to the social and educational changes that influenced their upbringing. Secular portraits, she says, "enable us to trace the changes in the conduct and appearance of the child, and so to deduce the place it occupied within its environment."

The National Gallery has some outstanding portraits in this category. Whatever the objectives in painting the portraits may have been, the artists did full justice to the appearances and personalities of the children. In gallery 14, for instance, Lucas Cranach's portraits of a Saxon prince and princess are extraordinarily individual likenesses. The rakish tilt of the little prince's richly jeweled chaplet emphasizes his expression, which is independent and fearless, if not bordering on impudent. His sister, on the other hand, is gentle and submissive. Titian's portrait of Rannucio Farnese (gallery 60B) shows a handsome lad whose sparkling eyes, vital young face and close-cropped hair belie the mature poise with which he wears his sumptuous costume and sword.

The full significance of the child as a subject for painting, Miss Hurlimann says, was first realized in the 17th century. "In the work of the Le Nains we encounter for the first time the clearly recognizable portraits of individual peasant children." Whether or not we agree with this statement, in view of the fact that Brueghel was painting peasants with startling naturalness a century earlier, we can recognize the personality and appeal of the Le Nains' peasant children.

Of two by Louis Le Nain in the National Gallery, I prefer "A French Interior" in gallery 71. All these faces are arrestingly individual, convincing the observer of the essential truthfulness of the painting. Despite his unkempt hair, and ragged clothes, the boy is a winsome child with beautifully modeled features, luminous eyes and a sweet expression.

The National Gallery has three paintings reproduced in Miss Hurlimann's book: Van Dyck's "William II of Orange" (which she erroneously continues to place in the Hermitage); Chardin's "Young Schoolmistress" and Manet's "Boy Blowing Bubbles" (which she is also unaware has changed hands).

Others, equally if not more interesting and ensnaring, are to be found throughout the National Gallery, also the Corcoran and Phillips Galleries, the Freer and the National Collection of Fine Arts. Washingtonians spending the summer at home can employ many pleasant afternoons becoming acquainted with them.

Arabian Arts

Because of current interest in the Persian Gulf region the Central Public Library recently opened an exhibition of Arabian decorative arts, lent by the Arabian American Oil Co. It will remain through August.

It includes textiles, metalwork, jewelry and design prints, calligraphy and other items of interest such as photographs, coins and stamps. Books on Arabian life, culture and history round out the show.

The textiles are in the form of articles of wearing apparel: A "quaffia," or brightly colored skull cap a "quattra," or headcloth which is folded diagonally over the quaffia to protect against sun and sand; an "agal" or coiled headrope worn in a double circle over the quattra to hold it in place, and sandals worn by all Arabs because they are more comfortable than shoes in walking over the sand.

A printed bibliography of selected reading on the Persian Gulf area is available for visitors.

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Washington Sculptors

Miss Clare Fontanini, president, announces that the Washington Sculptors' Group will hold its annual show of work by sculptors of the District of Columbia, Maryland and Virginia from August 30 to September 24, at the National Museum. It will be a juried show. Work is due August 27. For further information, write Florence Higgs, 5505 Forty-third avenue, Hyattsville, Md.

Current Exhibitions

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART. Constitution avenue and Sixth street—Paintings, sculpture by masters, Gulbenkian collection of Egyptian sculpture and European paintings. Paintings and sculpture acquired by Kress Foundation, 1945-1951. American paintings from the collection through August.
NATIONAL MUSEUM. National Collection of Fine Arts, Constitution avenue and Tenth street—American paintings and old masters.
SMITHSONIAN BUILDING. Division of Graphic Arts, Tenth street and Jefferson drive—Early lithographs presented by Sun Chemical Corp. to Smithsonian.
FREER GALLERY OF ART. Twelfth street and Jefferson drive—Oriental and Far Eastern arts. Paintings and etchings by Whistler and other American artists; changing exhibits.
CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART. Seventeenth street between New York avenue and E street—American paintings and sculpture.
PHILLIPS MEMORIAL GALLERY. 1600 Twenty-first street—Paintings and prints. Exhibition by Bernice Cross: modern French and American painting. Exhibitions by Gates, Maurer and Weber.
DUMBARTON OAKS collection, 1703 Thirty-second street N.W.—Early Christian and Byzentine art, Tuesdays through Sundays, 2-5.
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. East Capitol and First streets—Ninth annual exhibition of prints, through July.
AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS. 1741 New York avenue N.W.—Joint exhibition of Artists' Guild and Washington Sculptors' Group.
PUBLIC LIBRARY. Eighth and K streets N.W.—Arabian decorative arts, through August.
SILVER SPRING ART GALLERY. 9216 Flower avenue, Silver Spring—Summer exhibition, paintings and sculpture.
INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS. 1322 New York avenue N.W.—Exhibition by students.
TRUXTON-DECATUR NAVAL MUSEUM. 1610 H street N.W.—"Naval Aviation," to September.
BARNETT ADEN GALLERY. 127 Randolph place N.W.—Summer group exhibition.
PAN-AMERICAN UNION. Seventeenth street and Constitution avenue N.W.—Exhibition of photographs.
THE NEW GEORGETOWN GALLERY. 3223 Prospect avenue N.W.—Summer group show.
COLONY RESTAURANT. 1737 De Sales street N.W.—Exhibition by students of James Cupoli.

New Books

FICTION.

POWDER MISSION. By Herbert E. Stover. (Dodd, Mead.) A story of the Revolutionary War. $3.
20TH MERIDIAN. By Robert Travers. (Norton.) A freighter's exciting wartime voyage. $3.
NO MUSIC FOR GENERALS. By Frederick Howard. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce.) War story laid in the Far East. $3.

NON-FICTION.

WILLIAM FAULKNER. By Harry Modean Campbell and Ruel E. Foster. (University of Oklahoma.) A critical appraisal. $3.
LETTERS TO THE MARTYRS. By Helen Walker Homan. (David McKay.) Addresses both to early Christians who died for their faith and to certain contemporary figures who suffered for the same reason in our own century. $3.
EPICS OF ESPIONAGE. By Bernard Newman. (Philosophical Library.) Outstanding cases of history presented in dramatic form. $4.50.
NOW I'LL TELL ONE. By Jack Strausberg (Wilcox & Follett.) Laughs with favorite sports figures. Illustrated with cartoons. $1.

The Sunday Star WEEKLY BOOK SURVEY

The Sunday Star has arranged with some of the leading booksellers of Washington and suburban areas to report each week the books which sell best, as a guide to what Washington is reading.

This report for the week ending August 8

	AIRPORT BOOKSHOP	WM. BALLANTYNE & SONS	BRENTANO'S	CHEQUIRE HOUSE	FRANCIS SCOTT KEY BOOKSHOP	KANN'S	PURSELL'S BOOKSTORE	SAVILE BOOKSHOP	WOODWARD & LOTHROP	TOTALS
FICTION										
"From Here to Eternity," James Jones	★	★	★	★		★	★	★	★	8
"The Caine Mutiny," Herman Wouk	★		★	★	★			★		5
"The Troubled Air," Irwin Shaw			★		★	★		★		4
"A Woman Called Fancy," Frank Yerby	★	★				★			★	4
"Return to Paradise," James Michener		★			★	★				3
"The Cruel Sea," Nicolas Monsarrat	★			★				★		3
NON-FICTION										
"Kon-Tiki," Thor Heyerdahl	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	9
"The Sea Around Us," Rachel L. Carson	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	★	9
"Washington Confidential," Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer	★	★	★			★			★	5
"A Soldier's Story," Omar N. Bradley	★			★	★			★	★	5
"Total Empire," Edmund A. Walsh, S.J.			★			★		★	★	4
"A King's Story," The Duke of Windsor		★					★	★		3